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CONGO NEWS LETTER

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I CANNOT SLEEP

I cannot sleep,
Dear God, I cannot sleep!

I cannot sleep
Because so many hands keep
Beckoning me. And faces stare,
And voices, piteous call
Upon the midnight air.
O, how can any Christian sleep!

Dear God, was this the reason why
Thou once didst give
Thy son to live amongst us
And to die?
That we and these might live,
To break the chains of sin,
To find the glad
New life within?

And God, O can it be
That once upon a time, like me
Thou couldst not sleep?
Because of many hands
Outstretched from all the lands;
Because so many voices call —
Voices and hearts and bodies all?
O, how they call! O, how they call!

Then stab us more awake, dear God,
That from our favoured sod,
We, too, may share with Thee
Thy burden for humanity.

— SELECTED.

THE CONGO CHURCH COMES "OF AGE"

by PHYLLIS L. BENNER

THE Protestant Church of Congo has inherited a great tradition of fellowship and mutual trust from its pioneer missionaries. From 1878 when the first missionaries entered the country it was the rule to help others. The stations first founded along the caravan road from Matadi to Léopoldville became resting places for all who passed up and down that road — the only road into the country. The language notes of the pioneer missionary of the Livingstone Inland Mission (later taken over by the American Baptists) were used by W. Holman Bentley of the Baptist Missionary Society of England in preparing his grammar and dictionary of the Kikongo language. The "Peace" of the Baptist Missionary Society and the "Henry Reed" of the Livingstone Inland Mission were built on the same slipway at Léopoldville West. As new groups and churches settled in Congo they consulted with those previously settled as to location and methods of the new work.

This experience of fellowship decided them to hold periodic general conferences of Congo missonaries so that these ties could be strengthened. The first of these meetings took place in 1902 on the American Baptist station at Léopoldville. Others followed at varying intervals. They were purely advisory meetings, but they helped greatly the understanding of all parts of the Christian Church in Congo.

In 1910 the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh asked that its work be continued through a "Continuation Committee". They also asked that regional committees of this same order be set up on the mission fields. The Congo General Conference in 1911 agreed with this and the "Congo Continuation Committee" was formed. It was the first regional committee formed after Edinburgh, and it was the beginning of the Congo Protestant Council.

The first thing that the Congo Continuation Committee did was to begin printing the quarterly called the "Congo Mission News". It has continued to be printed from 1912 until this day.

In 1921 members of the Congo Continuation Committee

met with the delegates from other regional committees to form the International Missionary Council.

In 1924 The Congo General Conference changed its name to Congo Protestant Council and provided for a part-time secretary. By arrangement with the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission, Emery Ross was appointed to that position. By 1928 the secretaryship had become a fulltime responsibility and it was decided to establish the headquarters in Léopoldville. Léopoldville had recently been named the capital city of the country. The secretarial residence was built on the site of its first meeting in 1902, at Léopoldville West on the land of the American Baptist Mission.

Recently a plot of land has been acquired near the central government buildings being erected at Kalina and new buildings have been erected there.

The establishment of the C.P.C. offices in Léopoldville was a great step forward, and has done much to unite the minority protestant churches in a Roman Catholic country. Such a united front has been of immeasurable value in the relations with the government itself. Successive secretaries Emory Ross, H. Wakelin Coxill, Josef Ohrneman, and R.V. de Carle Thompson have added to the prestige and effectiveness of the Council.

Thirty five missions, embracing about eighty percent of the Protestant missionaries in Congo, are now members of the Council. The Council meets annually, usually during the last of February. Between the meetings the general secretary carries on the work as planned.

This year, to the usual one or two delegates from each mission was added one delegate from the Congo church of each mission. Thus was the first step taken toward the formation of what will become a Congo Church Council, not just a council of missions, and missionaries. This was the ideal toward which we have been aiming for a long time. Fifteen church delegates were present, among them our pastor at Léopoldville West, John Lubikulu. He is the secretary of our Church association, and as such was chosen to represent them. It is natural and desirable that the Mission grow into the Church of Congo. That is why we from other lands were sent here, to help build such a church.

We are thankful that the Church has so grown that it can assume its proper place in this country. We work toward that aim that it will continue to develop to full adulthood. Then the Congo Protestant Council will be truly a fellowship of the churches of Congo.

GATHERED TOGETHER

by JOHN V. LUBIKULU

FOR a wholeweek, — morning, noon, and night — the C.P.C. met this year. We were three attending from the A.B.F.M.S. Usually we send two delegates to represent our Mission. B. W. Armstrong and Phyllis Benner were those two delegates. This year a third was sent as representative of the Congo Church. I was happy to be chosen. In the meeting were missionaries from very many missions working in Congo, and fifteen delegates from the Congo Churches themselves. The chairman of the session was Mr. Taylor of the Baptist (British) Missionary Society, and the secretary was Mr. Regard of the Belgian Mission Society of Ruanda-Urundi.

We discussed many things, but I shall tell you about the most important. These subjects were first discussed in committee, and their findings reported and discussed by the whole group.

The all pervading subject, of course, was the work of the Church. All other work was discussed as related to that. However, there were several things talked about and decided which are properly church matters only. There is urgent need for trained pastors. We hope a seminary for French speaking Africa canbe established in the near future. We shall all work toward it. Special emphasis must be laid on the recruitment of worthy candidates for such a school. As it is now, few keen young men see the challenge of such a call.

All kinds of work among the young people must be started. Too few of the churches limit their interest to scouts. This need is especially evident in the cities. Great efforts should be made to establish Christian Centers, young people's societies, Sunday Schools, recreational clubs and evening classes.

In order that the Christian home may become a reality here

it is necessary that we emphasize the education of girls. It is upon them that the main responsibility for such homes is placed. Especially must their mothers be made to see that this is necessary. They often see them as workers in the gardens only.

The work among women has greatly advanced this year. Many churches report literacy classes for women. Temperance societies and women's groups have been formed in many places, such groups being led by the women themselves. They are advancing in school and medical work, too.

The need for reading material is of primary importance. A monthly Evangelistic paper in French, *Envol*, is doing very well. It is now evident that the next step is to have such a paper printed in the major languages of Congo. Other books of all kinds are needed, too.

For all of us it was a great thing to be able to sit down together as one group representing the Church of Christ in Congo. No longer will church leaders sit down together in one place, and missionaries in another. It was definitely decided at our meetings that from now on the Congo Protestant Council is to be a meeting of the representatives of the Congo Church, not just the missionaries alone. Our joint work and joy is the Church. In it we have been made one family. As one family we shall work together in everything.

At the meetings in Accra and Nigeria in December 1957 and January 1958 the general secretary of the C.P.C. and a Congolese pastor * will represent us. This is new and important, too.

I have great hopes that this new fellowship between missionaries and Congolese will greatly enlarge and strengthen the work of the church in Congo.

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* (Mr. Lubikulu was the Congolese pastor chosen to attend the above mentioned meetings. Léopoldville and the Congo Church rejoice in this.)

HURRY! HURRY! MAMA'S COMING!

by MADELYN ALBRECHT

THESE words can be heard from the dorms when I'm on my way to make a tour of inspection. It's all part of the home economics program that we have tried to set up at Sona Bata. We are happy this year to have our own school with three classrooms, a large kitchen and a model house. These cement block buildings were made possible through the cooperation of the government and the mission. There is also a large women's center, made possible by the mission, where we have our sewing classes. Lillian Metzger also has women's meetings and sewing classes there. The school, the model house and the dorms for the girls have all been finished in light pink stucco with dark green trim. We hope to add one more large dorm and a house for the young women teachers that work with us.

The program for the school includes a Bible lesson each day — Monday through Saturday —, also the three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic. French is included too since we feel that the girls should be able to understand some of the language and read the daily papers and other materials that are printed in French. There are general sessions in which morals, elementary geography, science, and social studies are taught. Hygiene is a big and important subject which includes hygiene of all parts of the body, public health, all the diseases common in Congo — their symptoms and what to do, first aid, and during the final year prenatal care, postnatal care, and the raising of children. To help emphasize what is taught in the class, each girl must come to class clean and with clean clothes which have been properly mended when necessary. Unexpected inspections help to teach the lesson too. Any girl who comes to class dirty or with dirty clothes or clothes that should be mended is dismissed until she does whatever is necessary. Soap is given to them each week, and needles, thread, buttons, snaps and pieces of material are always available at the sewing center.

The girls cannot qualify for this course until they are at least 13 years old and have learned to read and write and do simple arithmetic. Most of the girls in the first year class are 14 and 15

years old now. This means that when they finish the three years most of them will marry. Unfortunately, we always lose some before they have finished — either because a young man has finished paying for his bride and doesn't want to wait or else because the parents do not realize the value of waiting until the girl has finished her courses. The rest of the schedule includes five to six and more hours each of sewing, agriculture, housekeeping (washing, ironing, cooking and cleaning). Time is also allowed for recreation and gymnastics.

In the kitchen we learn to wash our clothes without wearing them out. We learn to make starch. We learn that colored clothes should be washed separately from white ones, that colored clothes should never be hung in the sun if we want to keep them nice as long as possible. Then we start from the very beginning and learn to iron our clothes — first how to handle an iron on flat things, then our dresses and last of all men's clothing. The men in Congo usually take care of washing and ironing their own clothes because up to now women have never done anything like that.

We also learn to cook wholesome clean food. Working with native foods as well as foreign that they can now buy at market, we learn that there are many things we can make and therefore we no longer have to prepare and eat the same food every day, in the same way. They have taught me to make many of the foods they know how to make and in turn they have learned to make many different things with their native produce and also some new things like cakes, cookies, puddings, soups, main dishes, meats, etc., from the flour, sugar, canned goods and meat and other foreign commodities that they can buy these days. Once in a while we find a girl who will not eat eggs or something because that food is taboo for her clan. Only once has a girl ever refused to eat whatever the forbidden food is. Just the other day one girl refused her share of the rice pudding which they had made because it had eggs in it, but when asked if she had eaten the cakes and cookies that the class had made, she said she had. We spent some time explaining that she had not and wouldn't experience any bad from the eggs she had already eaten, and that God didn't say that we couldn't eat eggs, and that eggs were

good for her and her family. She ate the pudding. Later she came by the office and said the pudding was very good and she wasn't going to keep that rule again because it wasn't a good rule and besides she wanted to cook all the new things that she had learned to cook for her family.

There are two wood stoves and an open fireplace where we can cook in real native style. We hope to add a small kerosene stove and a pressure stove soon so that the girls can learn to use them too, as many of them can have them in their homes these days. We are also experimenting on some home made stoves. We got the idea from the smokeless stoves of India. So far the experiment is working out very well, and the stoves have proved very satisfactory. A woman can now have a wood stove in her kitchen with a chimney draft and all made of bricks and mud and a tin can or two. Holes on the top are molded to fit the pots of different sizes. There is no smoke in the house or kitchen, whichever it may be, and during the dry season there will be heat. We hope the project will continue to be as successful as its beginning so that before long many of the villages will have started to use it also.

We must also learn to do housekeeping. Perhaps this is the least interesting to the girls; at least it seems to take the most pushing from the missionary. Most of the housekeeping is done in the dorms and in the school buildings. The work is divided among the girls in each dorm and the schedule changed each month so that everyone gets experience in each part of the work. The dorms and kitchen must be swept each day and the dishes washed. The trash must be thrown in the garbage hole, and the yard has to be in top shape all the time. (It's better to throw the garbage in the hole in the first place because if you don't, Mama will make you pick every bit of it up and put it there anyway.) Each girl is responsible for making her own bed and keeping her little cupboard clean each day. (No food in the little cupboard or Mama will take the cupboard away from you — food should be stored in the kitchen storeroom.) The girls are taught to make beds properly and most of them now have a straw tick with a sheet and a blanket. Each dorm has two bedrooms

(*continued on page 28*)

TAXES, TWINS AND TREATMENTS

by Alice Jorgenson, R. N.

JUST a year ago a beautiful, new hospital replaced the tiny cement-block dispensary and grass wards as the center of medical care for the Boko mission. Its dedication was attended by government officials, many missionaries and a great crowd of Congolese and it was "christened" by a week of surgical operations performed by Dr. Osterholm from Vanga. The very first operation was a cesarian section on a woman who came in that morning from a distant village. Had the doctor not been there, she might not have survived. Besides her need for an operation she had a hemoglobin of only 45% and the Boko hospital does not have equipment to give transfusions. She was given salt solution and got along well, though she had to be hospitalized for a long time. The baby was lovely and seemed strong and healthy.

As seen from the one-lane, dirt, main highway that runs past Boko station, the new modern-looking hospital is an imposing sight and has served to impress many Congolese that the white man's medicine must be better than that of his village witch-doctor for medical work at Boko has increased by leaps and bounds. A year ago only 67 babies were born at Boko; during this last year, with the new hospital, 258 babies were welcomed by 252 mothers — six pair of twins! .... The first mothers, though, were fearful of entering the new ward. It was said they feared the tax would be too great; and that tax would be exacted in the lives of babies. The first women fled out to the old grass wards at night with their new babies, even though there was no room left there for even the tiniest straw mat. One mother sat up all night by the door of the hut because there was no place to lie down; so many had crowded in. The first mother who actually gave birth after being cared for in the new ward, was one whose baby was stillborn. After that the mothers entered the ward without fear, for the tax had been paid in the life of this wee one. Superstitious beliefs are so real that one bumps into them continually and the bump can cause many a sleepless night.

Prenatal clinics have also grown. In weekly clinics there have been up to 73 in attendance and as many as 45 women wait-

ing for confinement at the hospital. Some of these wait for a few weeks and others as long as two months and more. Two good-sized grass wards have had to be built to house the prenatal cases. While they are waiting, the women have to be fed. This means going out by truck to buy up food : manioc flour, dried fish, salt, palm oil — none of which can be bought in the near-by villages. The people in the surrounding area neglected planting large enough gardens and there is much hunger and no market in the area.

Through three Baby Clinics we are trying to prevent sickness and improve the health of babies up to three years old. The newest of these clinics is at Matuka, a region where missionary work has only recently penetrated and the people are backward and wild. Their hearts and minds at times seem far from understanding the Gospel messages which we bring, but we are happy to bring help to this very needy region where many are desperately ill. The first time a little mother came with a tiny, puny baby whom we were afraid we could not help. This wee, naked form weighed just over two pounds. If we could have used an incubator we felt it might have a slight chance, but here what chance would it have? But this mother's love and devotion worked wonders. The baby grew and gained until it now seems a fairly strong, healthy child. For all of these babies treatment of malaria and anemia are given routinely and other medicines as indicated. Treating premature or underweight babies is a very usual thing. At present we have two who weighed under three pounds upon arrival at the hospital. Last fall we had premature twins who weighed about 2-1/2 pounds each at birth, but they were born in the hospital and were given the best of care immediately. It took two months of three-hourly feedings to bring them up to four pounds. They come regularly to Baby Clinic and are doing well. The father is a leper and it is hoped that these little ones may not become infected with that dreaded disease.

Although Boko has its lovely new hospital, and a great increase in patients, the medical staff has not increased. There is still one missionary nurse, NO doctor, of course, and most of the time there has not been even a Congolese graduate nurse only nurse's-aids and locally trained helpers. Some time ago one

of the aids became sick with recurrent fever and had to go back to Vanga. For two months this left only the two untrained helpers and then in August we rejoiced over the coming of a nurse who had just graduated from Kimpese with high honors. He did not look strong and after only two weeks became ill and was found to have tuberculosis. He was hospitalized at Vanga and is now doing well. So until the beginning of the year we were again left with one nurse's-aid and helpers who at first did cleaning and taking temperatures and who now know how to give certain medications, wash ulcers and do other routine procedures. But in January we welcomed John Mukinzi from Moanza, who was graduated from the five years' nurse's course at Kimpese in 1956. His coming has been a great help for the Boko medical work.

Prayer is asked for Boko — for the staff that we may be strong to labor for Him who is our Saviour ; for the people that the deep-seated fears and superstitious beliefs may be rooted out by the Power of God, and that they may be replaced by the Love of God and Hope and Faith in Him.

WHAT'S NEW OR NEWS AT SONA BATA

by Jean Abell

OUR spread-out station at Sona Bata has sometimes been divided facetiously into "prayer hill" and "pill hill." While clever and convenient, this distinction is not exactly accurate, because as many prayers go up from the hospital side as from the other — morning prayers for the nurses, prayers at the opening of each clinic, Wednesday evening prayer — meetings, Sunday afternoon church service for the patients, the prayer before each operation, and all the individual prayers offered by sick people and their relatives and those who care for them. So we are hereby trying the names "pill hill" and "pulpit hill." Let us know if you approve.

Pulpit Hill: On December 20 we dedicated our twins — the two new primary school buildings. Each has five clean, light, spacious, well-equipped classrooms and an attractive office — one for "Mama Mvungi" (Eva Shepard) and one for Tata Tsie-

bele. They are a real contrast to the mud buildings the children were using. Teachers and children are uplifted by the bright surroundings. Discipline and lessons are better. With these and the new *ménagère* buildings dedicated at graduation time last July, we feel as perky as a woman in her new Easter suit.

The inauguration ceremony was impressive, with each of the classes (first through fifth grade, *ménagère*, fourth *sélectionné*, EAP, and the hospital students) lined up under the burning sun to sing. In the shade of the speakers' *lupangu* were Roland Metzger, Tata Nsonsa and Tata Salakiaku, who built the buildings, Eva Shepard and Tata Tsiebele, in charge of the primary school, Vendla Anderson as *directrice* emeritus, Ben Armstrong as general godfather, a representative of the *administrateur territorial*, Tata Luyeye Jean representing the *anciens élèves*, and two officials of the *Caisse d'Epargne*. After the government official cut the ceremonial ribbon, teachers and pupils streamed into their new classrooms for the first time.

Ménagère school is branching out with rabbits and chickens. A mother goat and kid wanted to be adopted, too, but we haven't tackled them yet. Madelyn Albrecht's rabbit hutches would make any rabbit-raiser proud.

Bob and Betty Barnett have taken their first language exam and are assuming their share of the work like veterans. Bob is now "soloing" in the district, and Betty is teaching French to the girls, *métier* to the boys, and sewing to the women.

Lillian Metzger conducted four-day Women's Institutes at Nselo and Boko in February and March. The women greatly appreciate her work with them. They were thrilled this year to hear Mama Mattie's report of her trip to the African Baptist Women's Union meeting in Nigeria.

The church at Kiyangi is dedicating its new sanctuary April 7. This church has shown unusual energy in raising its own funds for a beautiful building, with some help from individual missionaries only on the finishing touches.

In January Sona Bata was one brief stop in a world tour for two ex-Mennonite doctors from the States. Dr. Miller, an M. D. from the Mid-West, and Dr. Hartzler, a Ph. D., and former professor of theology at Hartford Seminary, had just come from

a visit to Dr. Schweitzer's hospital in Lambarene. After visiting the school and enjoying one of Lillian Metzger's delicious dinners, they were brought over to the hospital just in time to see Nurse Makangu sewing up a splenectomy while Dr. Abell amputated a cancerous arm. We cannot always provide such impromptu entertainment for our distinguished visitors.

Pill Hill has another *infirmier diplomé* from Kimpese. That makes three new ones during the past year — Mbulu Jonas, Lubaki Louis, and Makengo Pierre. One *aide-infirmier*, Yafu Philippe, came back to us from Léo, while our senior *aide-accoucheuse*, Nzumba Elisabeth, is now working for the Red Cross in Léo. Norm Abell is planning to re-open two or three dispensaries as soon as the villages are ready. His unexpected jaunt to the States with Marguerite Eldredge canceled the Boko trip planned for February, but he expects to get there in May.

Both hills are looking forward to entertaining Mbundani the end of April. The next big event will be our fiftieth anniversary celebration May 26. Everyone who has ever lived at Sona Bata — and Roland Metzger says that includes almost everyone in the mission — is invited to come back and honor the founding fathers. Eva Shepard is preparing a pageant.

Coming Events : Madelyn Albrecht goes home on furlough in July. She hopes to fly to Belgium, then sail home on the *United States*. She is hoping to earn a master's degree in agriculture and home economics at Michigan State.

We will be sorry to lose the Barnetts to Boko but glad to welcome the Chapmans and Deers. The Barnetts will stay long enough to help open school in September.

Speaking of building — it never seems to stop. Roland Metzger's next project is the six personnel houses now approved by New York. They will be of solid concrete blocks (31 kilos a piece!) bought from the Route Kasangulu-Thysville Company, who found they were not suitable for lining the new paved road. Looking a little farther into the future, we hope that pavement may reach us in the next year or two. Then trips to Léo will be even more tempting than they are now.

"AND THEN THERE WERE SIX"

by Bob Pearson

AN expectant father who was having a difficult time came to me at the shop at 11 : 55 Monday noon to ask if I would take his wife up the river to the Lever Bros. doctor at Tango, the nearest hospital to Vanga. He and his wife had come to our hospital. She had been in labor and hadn't been able to deliver. Dr. Osterholm wasn't here to help her as he had gone to Kikongo for a week of surgery there.

I ate a little, went down and gassed the boat, and helped them get in. It's a nice ride up the river, and, of course, there are always three or four relatives around at such times who want to go. After making the usual explanation that it was only a small boat, we set off with the husband, a native nurse, a woman relative, and the patient on a stretcher. The load being toward the back, the boat really nosed up in the air for a few moments before leveling out for the fast ride. Then we hit small ripples, which gave the feeling of going over a washboard road. The people kept moving around, and so did I to counter balance them. All the activity in the back of the boat had purpose, however, for after about nine minutes I was given the victory signal — Now we were 6 !

Back to Vanga we went with mission successfully accomplished. The baby was fine, the mother was relieved, the father was very happy and grateful, and the waiting shore watchers were glad, and so was I. This was my first experience of adding to the passenger list at full speed and in mid-river.

Like Paul, present day missionaries are called to be "all things" to all people, even an *aide* midwife.

Evangelists, Norman Riddle and Joseph Forcinelli of Vanga spend most of their time in the district examining candidates for baptism. During the year 1956, over 2500 people came into the Vanga church through baptism. Over 7000 children are enrolled in the church-run district schools of this mission station.

SEEKING THE LOST

by JUSTIN KISAKA

LAST fall Pastor Justin Kisaka from Vanga was called to come to Boko with his family to be the intinerating pastor in the southern end of the Boko Mission field where there are over 400 villages without any Protestant witness whatsoever to Salvation in Christ Jesus. With joy Justin Kisaka and his wife Amaya answered the call of the Lord. On his last trip out he stayed six weeks— traveling alone by bicycle along automobile roads of sorts, along village paths, by foot where paths do not permit a bicycle. He stayed so long that Bill Robbins went after him wondering if some evil had befallen him. His zeal for the work kept taking him on and on, led by the need and yearning of the people for the Light of Life.

Kisaka loves his Lord. He has a personality that makes him a remarkable Christian worker. Though educated in comparison with those to whom he goes, he is humble and loves the people. They cannot help but love him. Always with a smile, he drives home without compromise the truths and demands of the Gospel.

Following his last trip he wrote a report. Translated into English it loses some of its freshness — like a warmed-over dinner — but we give it to you in his style :

— HELEN ROBBINS

Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved ?
Luke 13 : 23.

In January and half of February I was on an intinerary. I passed by Popokabaka on the road that leads past the hospital and by the air field. On that road are many villages on the border of the Territory of Kasongo Lunda and on the border of Portuguese Angola on the banks of the Kwango River.

In those villages are many people who since the coming of Protestant Missions to Congo do not know the work of God in the teaching of Jesus Christ. For never before has one of us, not even one, gone to tell them the Good News. When I told it to them they rejoiced greatly to hear it. They were very much

interested and many of them asked many questions about the NEW LIFE. I will tell you about three questions as examples :

1. An old man whose body was covered with the hair of years asked : "How can I and my wife, since we are old become children of God ?" "You can," I said and I gave them John 3 : 16.
2. Another person asked : "I have three wives. Do you think that one would give up his good wives to believe in your God of the Mission ?" ...."Yes, Tata, if Jesus puts His Spirit in you, you will not put great value on having three wives.
3. Another man asked : "Since I have been here, if I do not drink *malavu* (palm wine), I cannot sleep. Is it not alright for me to drink the wine and worship your God?" ... I answered, "Look at me here in your village. Have I drunk palm wine ? Look how *malavu* is not good ! That young man has been fighting and quarreling since yesterday until today. Is that good ? Much of what he says and does is because he has been drinking."

Many people were puzzled as to who I am. One man followed me around to the villages where I went, just as Paul and Barnabas were followed by the Jews. He wrote the names of the villages to give to the priest hoping that I would be reported to the government official and I would be arrested and my work stopped. When I heard that, I went to find the government official (*Bula-Matadi*) who was also itinerating in these villages. I found him at the village of Muwari. When we met that evening I told him about my work and my traveling about. He asked, "Will you build schools ?"

"I do not know if we will be able to," I said. "We may." The next morning I went to greet him again. He was going to another village so I went with him for I wanted to show him how I work. When he had called the people together (men, women and children), I asked permission to say a few words. He gave me permission. I said to the people, "You can give me the names of those people who of their own free will want the Protestant Mission to work in your villages. You can give me voluntarily the names of children whom you want to go to Protestant

schools." The people agreed. When anyone gave me the name of a child, I wrote his name and the father and mother put their thumb prints, and I took the age of the child from the father's tax book. I worked in five villages during the two days I worked with *Bula-Matadi*.

In the villages where I traveled I have many, many witnesses — chiefs and parents who put their thumbprints next to their names (they cannot write) as witnesses that they wish us to work with them. They showed me many places to have chapel-schools.

Many are searching for Salvation; who will take it to them ?

CONGO BOBBY SOXERS

by Helen Robbins

BOBBY-SOXERS in Congo ? Yes, indeed, or at least their counter-part. They are as fervent and devoted as bobby-soxers in the U. S. Their idol, their Sinatra, is a young Congolese man who calls himself the "soul of Jesus. " We cannot think that the Lord is proud of this "soul". He claims to be a Catholic and seems to have an inexhaustible supply of "holy water"— probably the Wamba River. Our Congo Christians doubt that his life would stand the light of moral criticism. Hundreds of teen-age girls vie with one another for even a glance of recognition from h-i-m. They come from long distances with various gifts. He responds with gifts of holy water. Young girls think that to be truly beautiful they must have a quart bottle or two of holy water suspended from their waists. What keen joy they have in serving him ! No burden is too heavy and no task too difficult if they can only be with their idol ! This young man, the "soul of Jesus", travels from village to village always accompanied by crowds of cheering, excited, confused girls. Families, homes, fathers and mothers, Christian teaching are forgotten. To be in the good graces of the "soul of Jesus" is the highest goal of their aspirations and desires. The government has recently arrested the "soul of Jesus". In behalf of the African church we cannot but be thankful.

THEN AND NOW, PART II

by VIOLA L. SMITH

Medical Work

I TREATED my first patient in the little two-room board dispensary on the old Banza Manteke hill-top in 1923. It was a surviving twin baby. When I had given it medicine, the mother held out to me a stick wrapped in a piece of cloth similar to the baby's. Would I "please treat the stick, too, so that the evil spirits would not know that the other baby was dead ?"

Our first hospital at Kikongo was a corner of the thatch hangar which also served as our living quarters, school-room, storeroom, and carpenter shop. The "in-patients" slept under the trees on the edge of the jungle forest which we were clearing in order to build the station.

Our "sub-dispensary" went with me wherever I went, packed into a case compact enough to be carried on poles and swung between the shoulders of two men. Day after day, as we went from village to village, the sick were treated. The microscope was set up under a tree and entire villages examined for sleeping-sickness, that then infected a large proportion of the population, and intestinal parasites. Large queues of folk afflicted with the repulsive, festering sores of yaws, waited patiently for injections of the miracle drug Neosalvarsan.

Today, in our more modern hospitals, cases of sleeping-sickness and yaws are very few in number. We have seen a reputed 80 % infant mortality in our Kikongo field reduced to less than 5 %, largely due to the work of our baby clinics.

Yes, our modern hospital and medical school at I.M.E. are a far cry from the primitive buildings and equipment in use when we came to the field. But don't let us get too proud. How can we be proud when Dr. Osterholm alone must be responsible for surgery and the health of the missionaries and congolese at all four of our Kwango stations, each separated from his station at Vanga by approximately 220 miles ! Where is our Baptist conscience that permits such neglect of our duty to serve these thousands who need medical help?

Village Visitation

Mission work has many departments, and each of them is important to the evangelisation of the people of Congo. But the work that makes a missionary feel like a missionary, is the village visitation, working with the people in their own homes and their own environment.

Methods of getting around to the villages have changed, but the essential work of winning the lost remains the same. In the "old day" the missionary was station-bound during the rainy season. The dry season was spent almost entirely in village visitation. When we made our itineraries down into the Bayaka country we planned to be away for at least three weeks at a time. It meant packing food for that length of time. There was a choice of making dry rusks to last that long, or baking bread along the way. How well I remember the day we picked our stumbling way down the Zinkalaba cliff, while a Congolese lad blithely went along ahead of us, swinging the pot in which the bread sponge was trying to rise, and from which delicious, crusty bread resulted after it had been baked in a hole in the ground.

Travel by caravan meant the packing of road beds and equipment, chairs, tables, cooking utensils, dishes and personal clothing, in addition to cases of medicines for treating the sick and cases of books and supplies for the schools, plus the filing card records of those seeking baptism and those already baptised. It also meant the hiring of about 30 men for a normal caravan, and buying food for them in the villages as we went along.

Today, in almost all our fields, it is possible to put the necessary equipment in a pick-up truck and reach the more important centers by car. But progess also asks its price. In this case, it is the price of less intimate contact with the people. No longer do they come in swarms to meet us long distances before we reach the village; nor do they escort us for a mile or two as we leave them, singing and laughing for joy along the way, and vying for the privilege of carrying some of our things.

But now, as then, our primary task is the same. Methods may be different, but need for the Christ rests the same. Each individual of the new generation must make a decision for Christ, without whom he is lost. And how shall he know of the Christ ?

There are not yet enough missionaires to permit us to adequately care for the work already started, or to open work in the areas which we have not reached.

Then and Now

Then we were young, eager missionaries, wondering what the future would hold. Now we are no longer young; we KNOW the power of God and His wondrous faithfulness, and we would that we were not at the end, but at the beginning of our missionary career.

AIR-LIFT

by Norman Abell, M.D.

THE age of wonders is always producing for our incredulous eyes some new wonder of mechanical ingenuity. In January 1957, Margeurite Eldredge benefited by the Hygiene Department's marvel machine — a Sikorsky helicopter invented by a man whose heart longs to serve peace with his machines. Perhaps the most dramatic service rendered by these machines is the evacuation of sick from inaccessible places.

Margeurite had been bedridden since October with phlebitis and a blood clot in her lung. Because the long car ride out of Moanza would be a great strain on her, it was arranged with the Service of Hygiene of the Congo government to have sent to Moanza a helicopter to bring her to Léopoldville for diagnostic X-ray and cardiogram tests.

At 8 : 30 a.m. after a 2-hour wait for fog to clear, the Sikorsky S-55 made a short run of some 20 yards, tilted its nose and hopped above the Leo airport buildings for the 2-1/2-hour cross-country run to Moanza. (The trip takes 2-1/2 days by car !) Above, in the double control cockpit were the pilot and his copilot-mechanic. Below in the cabin containing 3 seats and a stretcher were Norm Abell (flight nurse) and a 75-gallon reserve tank of gas. I could see only the four legs of the pilots through the connecting aperture to the cockpit above but the short confident motions of their feet on the control pedals reassured me of the skill possessed by the pilot. I was later to learn of the great

"seat-of-the-pants" flying skill necessary to handle the big bird.

We flew in a direct line over the dramatic light green hills and dark green forest valleys crossing the Kwango River and smaller streams. I could see no landmarks to indicate direction. There were two or three small villages, the only sign of life on the trip, until suddenly there was a big square of tin roofs, thatch roofs, grassy spaces one of which was marked MOANZA in torn strips of sheets. Not once in the whole trip had our pilot changed direction more than a few degrees.

Now as we descended onto the marked field, I could see the crowd of hundreds of Congolese and the missionaries, waiting for three hours in the morning sun to catch a sight of the flying grasshopper. The machine waddled to its resting place on the grass, and as the great rotors slowed to a stop, I could hear the rhythmic murmur of the crowd as the children imitated the rhythm of the beating wings.

Dr. A. C. Osterholm was there along with the Moanza staff. For me it was a great pleasure to meet A.C. and begin to know the man behind the Kwango medical work. It was he who had made special visits to see Marguerite and encourage Dorothy Wiseman in her arduous nursing responsibility.

While Don Niles and his workmen cleared a take-off runway, Bunny Niles broadcast a progress report of the operation to the other stations and then served dinner to the two pilots and the two doctors.

Marguerite with her courage said good-by to her teachers and students as we put her stretcher in the cabin of the helicopter. "Good-by, Mama ! Come back again, Mama; God bless you." Then the whirring roar lifted us above the trees and we saw beautiful Moanza slipping away. Protected by a sedative and cotton ear plugs, Marguerite was comfortably brought to Leo. The security we had in that trip, a gift of our Heavenly Father; the use of the amazing machine, a testimony to our modern good fortune. May we never forget the first for the second.

"LADIES AID" OF LEO

by Lee Weaver

THE advancement and expansion of women's work in Léo II is limited only by lack of time and personnel to guide its development. However, in spite of our limitations, the work has grown during this year, and the enthusiasm of the women remains high.

Our literacy program was begun a year ago last September, when 70 women signed up at the first announcement indicating their desire to learn to read. Since that time over 60 have received certificates of literacy at a public service. By the end of last year we had more than 80 in literacy classes on 6 levels — the beginners in the first Laubach sylabaire, a class in each of the 4 books of the "Story of Jesus", and 10 who have progressed to reading the Bible. After a holiday of several weeks, the classes recommenced for 1957, and to date 50 have enrolled. This year only one missionary can be spared for this work, whereas last year three were working during most of the year. Obviously, the missionary cannot teach each woman individually at this stage, so we have five very capable women who direct the classes of "readers", while Phyllis Benner puts her main efforts on teaching the non-readers. The program now includes writing and arithmetic as well as reading, and we have recently started a French class for women. This is taught by one of our school *moniteurs*, a 4-year Kimpese man. The entire Women's School program has been most rewarding in giving the women more self-confidence and self-respect, and a certain prestige in the eyes of their husbands and children.

The trip of Mama Mattie Marie Nsingani to Nigeria to the conference of Baptist women of Africa was the spark which started our women's society. While we had had a weekly prayer meeting for women we have now organized a real society with the women not only participating, but really running it. They have their own officers and conduct their own business and devotional meetings. There are to date 185 paying members. The fee of 5 frs. per month entitles each to her copy of "*Ziku*

dia Tiya" ("Congo Hearth") as well as making her an active member of the organization. The Society members have recently acquired dresses all alike — that is, all from the same material. They are quite pleased that the missionary women also have, and wear, the "Society uniform". The women are enthusiastic over the program and are making plans to send groups into some of our villages to help organize women's societies there. From the women also came the plan to take groups of Léo women to the various villages to present the World Day of Prayer program to them. It is really thrilling to see the women taking the initiative and showing concern for others.

We had 4 Bible women who acted as callers, going in pairs. They had been visiting only irregular attenders at our follower's classes, and women in the hospitals or maternity. This year we are trying a new idea — of visiting all our women, both members and followers, in order to encourage them in Christian living. A missionary has been visiting with each group on alternate weeks, and it has been a most rewarding experience to see the genuine pleasure the women show to have their own" missioni" come to their homes.

A sewing class was held weekly during part of the year, then was disbanded, and has not as yet been reopened. The women were eager for the class, and were faithful in attendance. They continue to ask when the class will begin again, but at present we do not have anyone who can direct it.

We are proud of our women, and of their growth in Christian faith and poise. We have great hopes that this is only the beginning of a real Christian witness which will reach out to influence many who are still unreached in this city with the gospel of God's love and Christ's salvation.

EVANGELISTIC OUTREACH AT MOANZA
(*Population : 91,600*)

13 organized churches, 8 of which are self-supporting
840 baptized in 1956
151 village schools enrolling 1410 boys and 1625 girls
15 regional schools enrolling 1641 boys and 429 girls
334, 433 francs ($6688.66) tithes and offerings given

AND CLEANSE THE LEPER....

by Rhoda Armstrong

WHEN Mattie Nsingani and I were in Nigeria a few months ago for an all-Africa Baptist Women's meeting, we witnessed an event which for thousands of years would have been impossible and which is only able to happen because of modern drug discoveries within the past few years. It happened on a Sunday afternoon when we were present at a "discharge ceremony" at the large leper camp at Ogbomosho, and was one of the most moving experiences we have ever had.

There were 750 patients present (besides this one, the doctor has four other leper camps to supervise). They knew that 25 among them would receive the certificate of discharge which means that those who receive it can go home, free from infection, able to live a normal life among their own people . But no one except the medical staff knows just who will be discharged. We had a service first, with singing, prayer, and a message from one of the women. It is pathetic, yet it is inspiring too, to see the singing of a group like that. While the majority have not been disfigured by the disease, yet there are many who hobble on crutches because their toes or feet have been eaten away, others with no fingers, still others with "lion faces". However, all of them sing heartily and with evident enjoyment. Many of them have found Christ and come into the fellowship of the church while they have been under treatment here.

Then the nurse stood up with the list in her hand. The hush that came over the audience ! The expectancy in those faces ! The wild applause that came when the first name was read — that of a young man who was evidently a favorite with all, patients and nurses. He himself stood as if stunned for a moment, then his face broke into a wide grin, he came literally running down the aisle, and as he received his certificate, he said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you". The 25 names were read off, one by one, and each time there was generous applause. One woman knelt to receive her certificate. Others jumped up and down, all beamed with joy. And the ones whose names were not called — some

of whom could know with certainty that their names would not be called — seemed just as happy on behalf of those who were being sent home. There were several children among these, and one can only be thankful for the prospect of a happy, normal life for them that would have been unlikely, if not actually impossible, only a few years ago.

At our own ABFMS leper camp at Banza Manteke we do not have a discharge ceremony like this one in Nigeria but the same happy event takes place many times a year. At *Luzadi* today are not only the Banza Manteke leprosy patients but those formerly of the Sona Bata camp. And yet the population of Luzadi is down to 124 patients. In former days the average was around 300 for Banza Manteke lepers alone.

If a patient is "negative" for at least a year and all ulcers are healed, he is dismissed, though he must come in for periodic check-ups each three to six months. If he continues to be negative for another year, he may then go a whole year without reporting back to be examined. There are many others too who are now able to live at home and receive weekly treatment from local dispensaries. Only the most hopeless cases are left in the leper camp, so that is one work where we rejoice to see the statistics go down.

Long ago there was a leper cleansed by Jesus who, even out of thankfulness to his Healer, could not heed His counsel to "tell no one". Such joy could not be contained. There are hundreds of "lepers" in Congo today who have experienced that same great happiness — they too have been made "clean".

ARRIVALS

Little Judy Lee Stabell was welcomed to Moanza on January 28 by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Stabell, and two young brothers, Tim and Rick. Judy Lee was the third missionary child to be born at Moanza since its foundation over 25 years ago.

Vanga station also is rejoicing over its latest addition, little "Von", daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Riddle and sister of Carol and Joan.

HURRY! HURRY! (continued from page 10)

— seven girls in each bedroom, a common dining room, a kitchen and a store room for food, kitchen pots, pans and dishes. Once each three months the windows are all washed and polished to new luster and the furniture is all taken out of the dorms to be scrubbed and also to allow careful cleaning in all corners of the house at least once in a while. The main school building and the sewing center are swept and cleaned each day and each three months the floors are scrubbed and windows made to shine again. Sometimes the floors get scrubbed a little oftener if someone has been careless with his ink.

All this takes a lot of follow-up work, and many is the time when someone shouts, "Mama's coming!" and one can then hear the brooms working rapidly in the scramble to be in passing shape when Mama gets to "our house". But in general they do very well. There are only a few that have to be pushed all the time. The rest are much like normal kids. They may not like the work, but they do it and appreciate the clean house after it's done. We trust that some of them will be happy and willing to keep their own homes clean when they are back in the villages and married.

The model house has two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a dining-living room. All the linens and dishes and furniture have been bought or made locally so that they are using the things which they can buy or make themselves. Each period of three weeks, four girls live in the house and do their cooking, washing, ironing and housekeeping there. They really enjoy it very much. It is a real house of cement block — a very nice one and nicely furnished — so much so that none of us would mind if it were our own house. We are fixing the yard up nicely too and have planted some flowers. Many people have asked — can they have things as nice as this when they leave school? Yes, they can, and many of them will. The number is increasing very rapidly in this part of Congo, and I want the girls to be ready to fit in.

Now we go to the women's center where there is always a class or classes of sewing. Here the girls come during the first year to learn how to use a needle. Many of them have never held or used something as tiny before. Many needles are broken

in the first few months, but they learn very rapidly, and before they have finished the third year they have learned to make garments by hand and with sewing machines. Some of them do very well. They learn to make their own clothes, clothes for their children, both boys and girls, and men's shirts and pants. They have learned to knit with both cotton and wool, to crochet and to embroider. They love to sit by the hour and work on cross stitch patterns. They have learned how to choose between a good piece of cloth and a poor one, but sometimes when I see one of them in a new dress made of something flimsy, I wonder if they really have learned. One of the girls learned this lesson in a very embarrassing way. She wore a new and very fragile dress to class one day when they were ironing, and while she was swinging the charcoal iron at her side to make it hot again the wind blew her dress in the way and the whole side of the skirt melted out of it. We used the experience as a good object lesson. While most of them will never qualify to be tailors or dressmakers, we hope that many of them will be better able to clothe their families when they are married than their ancestors have been able to do.

In connection with the school we must maintain a small farm. This includes classes in agriculture and raising and caring for animals. Classroom learning is put to work in the fields and in the actual care of the animals. The girls learn to prepare compost pits and to use the compost in preparing good fields. They plant, care for and harvest manioc, field corn, beans, Congo sweet potatoes and peanuts. During the last of the rainy season fields are prepared and planted with vegetable gardens which are harvested in June and July. When seeds are available in December we can usually plant a few vegetables then also because of the short dry season at that time. The variety of seeds planted includes most of the vegetables and greens that we have at home, but as yet the people do not care for things like lettuce and other salad greens, carrots, turnips — although they have learned to eat the turnip greens and radishes. We have yet to make a success of sweet corn and peas.

One week we spent on a fruit tree planting project in which each student had to prepare a hole and plant a fruit tree. These

included banana, palm nut, coconut, guava, mango, orange, lemon, lime, grapefruit, avacado, and nsafu trees.

The animal part of our farm includes, at the moment, chickens and rabbits. Preparations are being made to begin with pigeons. The girls are quite surprised and not always quite sure that animals should be fed and watered. Animals have always been left to take care of themselves. If they died that was too bad. We have been experimenting on kinds of foods and sources and prices on some commercial varieties. In working with the chickens we have tried to take the native chicken and cross it with foreign purebred chickens. The natives have learned that this way — with partial feeding and plenty of water — their chickens are much better — more eggs and more meat of better quality. The rabbits have interested them very much — more perhaps because it is something quite new to all of them. I think that when they have watched them and worked with them for a few more months they will be convinced that they are an economical and ready source of meat, not only for their own families but also for commercial purposes. It is my hope that we shall be able to build up our number of chickens and rabbits and other small animals so that we can help our girls who marry and have their homes in the village start their own projects. Perhaps also in the future, if we can have enough pasture land, we will be able to work with sheep and goats and other bigger animals.

Why do we carry on a program like this ? We do it with the faith and hope that the girls will go forth from here Christians, prepared to establish Christian homes and families. We do it with the faith that they will be prepared to face the rapidly changing Congo, to meet and understand the problems and marvels of the ever rising standard of living, that each one will be prepared to take her place beside her husband as they look to the future in Congo, that each one will take with her a Christian testimony that will bring many of her kind to the feet of our Saviour.

A big man is not two people and a small man is not half a person. (All men are created equal.)

— CONGOLESE PROVERB

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